

# The GREEN HORNET

No. 6

10¢

AUGUST

COMICS



# THE GREEN HORNET

BRITT REID, PUBLISHER OF THE SENTINEL, PLAYING HIS NIGHTLY ROLE OF THE GREEN HORNET PITS ALL HIS STRENGTH AND CUNNING AGAINST A VICIOUS BAND OF CRIMINALS...

CARTOONS BY BERT WHITMAN ASSOCIATES



NIGHTFALL COVERS THE SMALL TOWN OF CRANFALL'S...

AND AS THE LATE MOON RISES OVER THE COUNTRY-SIDE...



SUDDENLY...

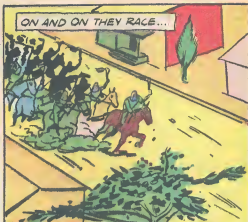
THEY'RE COMING!  
EVERYBODY HIDE!



RIDING LIKE A RAGING FURY, A BAND OF  
FLAMING HORSEMEN SPEED TOWARD THE  
TOWN....



ON AND ON THEY RACE...



UNTIL.....

HURL THE  
TORCHES!

THIS WILL SERVE AS  
A LESSON TO OTHERS  
WHO DISOBEY! GIVE  
THE SIGNAL!



LET'S  
GO!

THEIR MURDEROUS  
DEED COMPLETED,  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
FLAME-DRAPE  
RIDERS DISAPPEAR  
INTO THE NIGHT...



AS THE TOWNFOLK GATHER TO  
WATCH THE FLAMING INFERNO  
...A FIGURE APPEARS IN THE  
DOORWAY....

THEY'VE  
SET THE  
HOUSE  
AFIRE!

LOOK...SOMEONE'S  
COMING OUT OF  
THERE!

IT'S RELAN  
AND HIS  
KID...LOOKS  
LIKE SHE'S...





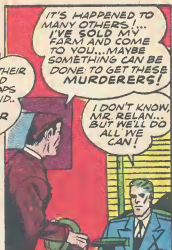
HE SHOULD HAVE OBEYED!

YES, HE SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE PLACE WHEN HE WAS WARNED!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, A PATHETIC FIGURE RELATES A TALE OF WOE TO THE SENTINEL'S PUBLISHER...

AND YOU SAY THESE FLAMING RIDERS SET FIRE TO YOUR HOME, MR. RELAN?

YES! ALL BECAUSE I DISOBEYED THEIR WARNING AND PLANTED CROPS IN THE GROUND... AND NOW... MY DAUGHTER IS DEAD!



IT'S HAPPENED TO MANY OTHERS!... I'VE SOLD MY FARM AND COME TO YOU... MAYBE SOMETHING CAN BE DONE TO GET THESE MURDERERS!

I DON'T KNOW, MR. RELAN... BUT WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN!

...RELAN LEAVES AND REID DECIDES ON A PLAN...



I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU HAVE TO PAY, BUT GET ME SOME PROPERT! IN CRANFALLS!

DAY 5 LATER, NEW TENANTS ARRIVE IN CRANFALLS....



THIS IS THE PLACE, KATO... WE'LL BE GENTLEMEN FARMERS FOR A WHILE!

SORT OF A VACATION, MR. BRITT?



BUT AS THEY STEP INTO THE HOUSE...

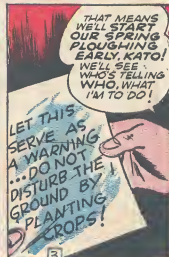
MR. BRITT! MR. BRITT! ...LOOK!

COMING, KATO! WHAT...?



?

THERE'S A NOTE ON IT! WE'LL SOON KNOW!



THAT MEANS WE'LL START OUR SPRING PLOUGHING EARLY, KATO! WE'LL SEE WHO'S TELLING WHO, WHAT I'M TO DO!

LET THIS SERVE AS A WARNING... DO NOT DISTURB THE GROUND BY PLANTING CROPS!

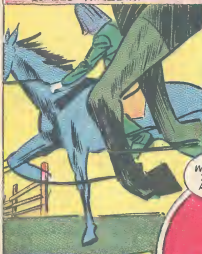


LOSING NO TIME, THE FEARLESS PUBLISHER ASSUMES HIS FARMING ROLE...





THROUGH THE FRONT GATE THE BAND OF RIDERS SPEED AND HEAD FOR THE HOUSE... AS THEY APPROACH, THE HORSES STUMBLE OVER CONCEALED WIRES....



WE'VE BEEN TRICKED... RETREAT!



UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE POWERFUL SMOKE THE MYSTERIOUS NIGHT RIDERS GALLOP OFF QUICKLY....



AND SUDDENLY A SERIES OF SMOKE BOMBS GO OFF... ONE BY ONE....



SMOKE!

SMOKE BOMBS!!

AAGH!

BUT, BRITT REID, HAVING CHANGED INTO THE ROLE OF THE GREEN HORNET, GIVES CHASE IN THE SWIFT BLACK BEAUTY....

LOOK! THEY'RE STOPPING! PULL UP BEHIND THAT TREE AND WE'LL WATCH FROM THERE!



THEY'VE DISMOUNTED AND GONE INSIDE THAT SHACK!

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, KATO... I'LL KEEP THEM BUSY UNTIL YOU GET BACK!

HEY... LOOK!

LOOKOUTS SPOT THE FIGURE OF THE HORNET RACING TOWARDS THE SHACK....

C'MON, LET'S FIND OUT WHO THAT IS!

AROUND THE BACK... WE'LL SNEAK UP ON HIM! HE DOESN'T KNOW WE SAW HIM!





STEADY...OR  
YOU'LL GET A  
BULLET  
IN YOU!

TURN  
AROUND,  
AND LET'S  
GET A LOOK  
AT YUH!



WHA... IT'S  
THE  
HORNET!

YEH...  
IT... IT...  
IT'S HIM!



YES!  
ME!



WHY, THAT PUNK...  
I'LL... I'LL....

SWIFTLY THE HORNET  
SHIFTS OUT OF THE  
RANGE OF FIRE...  
AND ANSWERS THE  
SHOT WITH A DOSE  
OF SLEEPING GAS...

YOU'RE TOO SLOW!  
HERE'S SOMETHING  
FOR YOU!

GAS!  
...AAGGH!



ATTRACTED BY THE  
COMMOTION, OTHER  
NIGHT RIDERS COME  
TO THEIR ASSISTANCE...

LOOK... SOME-  
BODY SHOT THE  
GUARDS...!

IT'S THE GREEN  
HORNET! SO  
AFTER HIM...  
HE CAN'T BEAT  
ALL OF US!



LOOKS BAD...  
BUT I'LL HAVE  
TO TRY AND  
HOLD THEM OFF  
FOR A WHILE!



THE  
FEARLESS  
NIGHT  
ADVENTURER  
STRUGGLES  
GAMELY  
AS THE  
FLAMING  
FIGURES  
SLOWLY  
CLOSE  
IN...





I'VE GOT HIM!

HERE'S WHERE I USE A LITTLE JIUJITSU!



THOUGHT YOU BAGGED A PRIZE, HEY?



OH!!

NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!

...WITH QUICK THINKING THE HORNET SPRINGS AND GRABS THE MOULDING ABOVE THE DOORWAY....



I'LL HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY!



AND HERE'S ACT ONE!



GRAB HIM... BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!



GAVE US THE SLIP...PROBABLY GONE TO GET HELP!

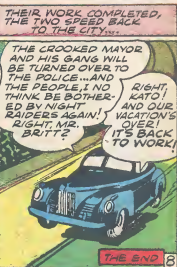
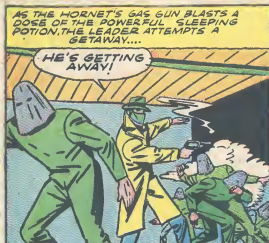
INSIDE, MEN!

...HIDING BEHIND A RAIN BARREL, THE HORNET DECIDES ON MORE ACTION...

KATO'S HAD ENOUGH TIME...GUESS I'LL GO IN AND REALLY GIVE THOSE MUGGS SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY!







# ANGEL



YOUR TEACHER TELLS ME...YOU WALKED OUT OF CLASS YESTERDAY! I WON'T STAND FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT...WHAT WAS WRONG?

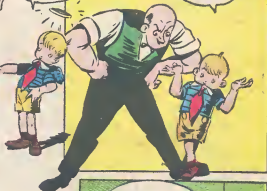
I'M SORRY, POP, BUT I BECAME A LITTLE EXASPERATED WITH MY TEACHER!

AND WHY?

WELL, FIRST SHE ASKED ME...HOW MUCH TWO AN' TWO WAS!

YES?

SO I TOLD HER!...THEN SHE ASKED ME HOW MUCH FOUR AN' FOUR WAS?



SO... THEN WHAT?

I TOLD HER! THEN SHE ASKED ME HOW MUCH TEN AN' TEN WAS! I KNEW, BUT GEE...! POP....!

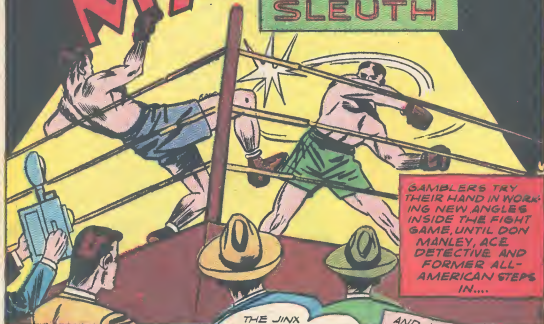
THAT'S WHEN I BECAME EXASPERATED! WHY DOESN'T SHE KNOW THOSE THINGS?



... SHE'S THE TEACHER, NOT ME!

# DON MANLEY

SPORT  
SLEUTH



GAMBLERS TRY THEIR HAND IN WORKING NEW ANGLES INSIDE THE FIGHT GAME, UNTIL DON MANLEY, ACE DETECTIVE AND FORMER ALL-AMERICAN STEPS IN...

AN ANGRY CROWD AT THE CITY ARENA WATCH ONE OF POP WALTERS' LATEST PROTEGES BATTLE GAMELY...

THERE HE GOES... ANOTHER ONE OF WALTERS' PHONEY'S SET FOR A DIVE!

THEY OUGHT TO RUN THE OLD GUY OUT OF TOWN!

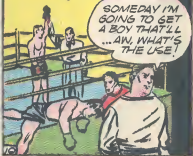
HE ALWAYS SETS HIS FIGHTERS UP TO THE POINT WHERE ALL THE DOUGH IS ON THEM, AND THEN THEY LOSE!

THE JINX AGAIN! MY BOY FIGHTS LIKE A WINDMILL UNTIL THE LAST FEW ROUNDS ...AND THEN, POOF!

AND AGAIN, ONE OF POP WALTERS' PHONES IS SHATTERED TO BITS...

THE WINNAH!

SOMEDAY I'M GOING TO GET A BOY THAT'LL ...AW, WHAT'S THE USE!



IN THE DRESSING ROOM  
POP AND HIS FIGHTER,  
SOCKER BURNS TALK  
THINGS OVER...

I HAD HIM ALL  
THE WAY, POP...  
AND THEN SOME-  
THINGS HAPPENED.  
I GOT WEAKER  
AND WEAKER!

I KNOW IT,  
SOCKER... EVERY  
FIGHTER  
THAT I EVER  
BUILT UP GOT  
TO THE BIG  
TIME... AND  
DOWN THEY  
WENT... WITH THE  
SAME STORY!



HEY, POP...  
SOME PEOPLE  
TO SEE YUH!

THE BOXING  
COMMISSION?



BUT I TELL  
YOU... I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENS! I'VE  
BEEN ON THE  
LEVEL,  
HONEST!

SORRY, MR.  
WALTERS, BUT  
THIS FREQUENT  
KAYOING OF  
YOUR FIGHTERS  
... ALWAYS WHEN  
THEY'RE AT THE  
TOP, LOOKS SUSPICIOUS...  
THE COM-  
MISSION THEREFORE  
ASKS... YOU TURN  
IN YOUR LICENSE!  
GOOD DAY!



GOSH, POP... I  
DIDN'T KNOW  
I'D GET YOU  
INTO THIS  
MESS!

FORGET IT,  
SOCKER... I  
KNOW YOU'RE  
ON THE LEVEL  
LIKE MY OTHER  
BOYS WERE... BUT  
IT'S THE JINK!  
SEEMS I CAN TRAIN  
'EM TO A CERTAIN  
POINT AND THAT'S  
ALL!



... LATER... IN THE DARKNESS  
OF THE DESERTED ARENA  
... A FLASHLIGHT PLAYS ON  
THE FLOOR... NEAR THE  
RING...



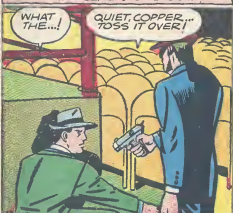
AND DON MANLEY, CITY  
INVESTIGATOR BECOMES  
INTERESTED IN POP-  
WALTERS' AFFAIRS...



BUT AS MANLEY TURNS TO GO...

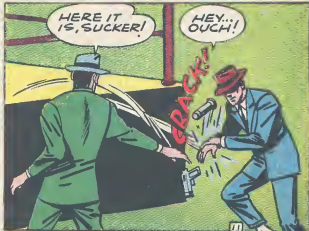
WHAT  
THE...!

QUIET, COPPER...  
TOSS IT OVER!



HERE IT  
IS, SUCKER!

HEY...  
OUCH!



OKAY, MUG! LET'S  
TALK IT OVER,  
WITH FISTS!

.... AND FISTS FLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS....



...MANLEY SINKS A HARD RIGHT TO THE  
CHIN....

..... AND REACHES TO RE-  
MOVE THE MASK, WHEN...

HOW'S THAT?

ZOWIE!



NOW FOR  
A LOOK AT THE  
MUG!



A  
SWIFT  
KICK  
SENDS  
HIM  
SPRAWL-  
ING TO  
THE  
FLOOR!



THE RAT GOT  
AWAY...SOMEBODY'S  
MIGHTY ANXIOUS FOR  
THOSE RUBBER  
TEETH!





POPS IS NO TIME THE DETECTIVE SEEMS OUT POP WALTERS AND INSTRUCTS THE ELDERLY FIGHT MANAGER.

AS SPORT PAGES CARRY NEWS OF THE RETURN ENGAGEMENT...

BIG NICK WELL KNOWN GAMBLER LAYS PLANS FOR ANOTHER CLEANUP...

AND IF YOU'LL EXPLAIN TO THE COMMISSION THAT I RECOMMENDED A RETURN BOUT, POP... I'M SURE YOU'LL GET A CHANCE TO CLEAR YOURSELF!

BLESS YOU SON... I'M ON MY WAY THERE RIGHT NOW!



**BUGLE** [SPORTS]  
**SOCKER BURNS GRANTED RETURN ENGAGEMENT WITH KILLER GORNEY!**

COMMISSION RECONSIDERS REVOCATION OF POP WALTERS LICENSE AND ORDERS BOUT TO BE HELD IN AUGUST.

IT'S BECAUSE THAT COP FOUND THOSE PHONEY TEETH THAT THEY'RE HAVING THE REMATCH... LOOKS BAD, NICK!

SO WHAT, RED? THE COPPER... I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW IT'S SLID. PED TO SOCKER! BESIDES...

THE COMMISSION CHANGING THEIR MIND WILL THROW PLENTY OF DOUGH ON BURNS, THEN HE GETS ANOTHER DOSE OF THE STUFF, AND WE COLLECT!



THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT... HUGE CROWDS POUR INTO THE ARENA...

SOMETHING TELLS ME SOCKER'S GONNA DO IT THIS TIME!

ALL THE SMART MONEYS ON HIM...



AND IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

OKAY, POP!... GET YOUR MAN OUT! THE MAIN BOUT'S ON!

GOOD LUCK, SON!

THANKS, POP... I'LL TRY MY BEST!



WELL, RED... THIS IS THE LAST TRY FOR ME! YOU'LL BE IN THERE WITH HIM TO SEE THAT HE'S OKAY!

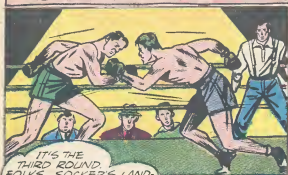
SURE, POP... YOU CAN TRUST ME! AFTER ALL, I'VE BEEN WITH YOU A LONG TIME!



AGAIN, SOCKER BURNS TO GO TEN ROUNDS WITH KILLER GORNEY FOR THE...



AND AT THE CLANG OF THE BELL BOTH FIGHTERS TEAR INTO EACH OTHER...



IT'S THE THIRD ROUND... SOCKER'S LAND-  
ING TERRIFIC RIGHTS  
AND LEFTS TO KILLER'S  
JAW! LOOKS  
BAD FOR  
GORNEY!!!

HERE,  
SOCKER,  
TRY THE NEW  
RUBBER TEETH  
FOR LUCK!

THANKS,  
RED... LOOK'S  
LIKE I'LL GET  
HIM THIS  
ROUND!

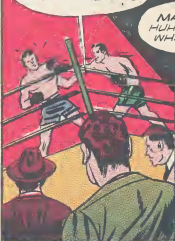


MANLEY WATCHES  
WITH INTEREST AS  
KILLER GORNEY  
TAKES THE UPPER  
HAND.....

JUST AS I THOUGHT!  
RED'S ALREADY SLIPPED  
HIM THE NEW SET  
OF TEETH... NOW  
FOR SOME  
ACTION!



HE'S LOSING HIS  
PEP FAST... IT WON'T  
BE LONG NOW... THEN  
NICK AND I WILL DO  
SOME COLLECTING!

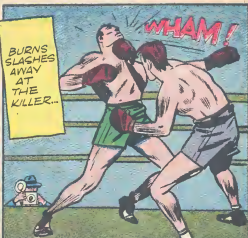


HELLO!  
RED... I SAW  
YOU SLIP SOCKER  
THOSE NEW  
TEETH!

MANLEY?  
HUH? SO  
WHAT?



BURNS  
SLASHES  
AWAY  
AT THE  
KILLER...



BUT AS THE SECONDS PASS IN THE FOURTH,  
SOCKER BEGINS TO GET WEAKER AND WEAKER...



LIKE LAST  
TIME... SOCKER'S  
GETTING ARM  
WEARY!

SO THIS!  
OKAY, FLANAGAN,  
DUMP HIM IN  
THE GAME  
CELL WITH  
BIG NICK.

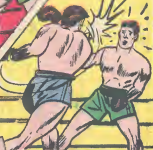
RIGHT,  
MR. MANLEY!  
IT'S A  
PLEASURE!

I CAN'T,  
MANLEY...  
I'M TIRED  
...I'M  
TIRED!

STEADY,  
SOCKER!  
DON'T LET  
POP DOWN  
NOW! BITE  
INTO THIS  
AND BITE  
HARD!

OKAY, SOCKER,  
IT'S THE CANVAS  
FOR YOU NOW!

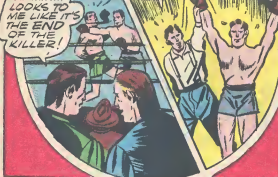
THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
THINK...BOY!  
I'M BEGIN-  
NING TO FEEL  
GOOD AGAIN!



LOOK AT  
SOCKER GO!  
BOY!...HE'S  
GREAT!

THE  
WINNER...  
SOCKER  
BURNS...  
BY A  
K.O.!

HMMM...  
LOOKS TO  
ME LIKE IT'S  
THE END  
OF THE  
KILLER!



LATER IN THE  
DRESSING ROOM...

WHAT'D YOU DO,  
MANLEY?...I WAS  
READY TO LOSE  
THE FIGHT!  
WHERE'S RED?

HE'S IN THE COOP WITH  
HIS CROOKED PARTNER,  
BIG NICK! YOU SEE, POP,  
EVERYTIME YOUR FIGHT-  
ER HAD THE ODDS IN  
HIS FAVOR, THOSE  
GAMBLERS PUT THEIR  
DOUGH ON THE OTHER  
FIGHTER...AND CROSSED  
YOU UP....



I DISCOVERED CHLORAL  
HYDRATE IN A SET OF  
RUBBER TEETH! RED HAD PUT  
IT THERE TO WEAKEN BURNS'  
BODY! I SUPPLANTED THE  
DRUGGED ONES WITH A  
NEW SET CONTAINING AN  
ANTIDOTE, TO BRING SOCKER'S  
BODY BACK TO NORMAL!

BUT HOW  
COULD  
THAT BE  
DONE?



THE DRUG IN THIS  
VIAL WAS PLACED  
IN HERE...SOCKER  
BIT HARD ON IT...AND  
THE STUFF OZZED  
INTO HIS MOUTH,  
MAKING HIM WEAK!

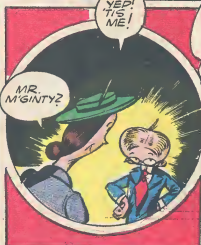
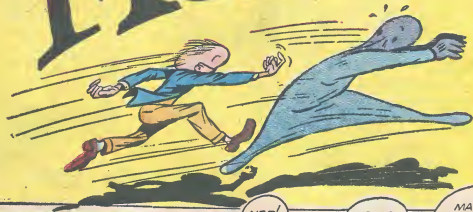
YOU'VE RESTORED  
ME IN THE FIGHT  
GAME, MANLEY...  
I DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO THANK  
YOU!

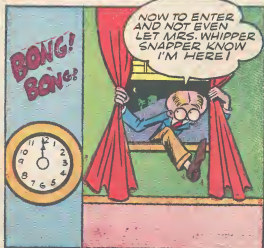
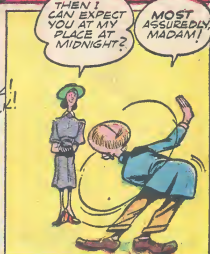


ANOTHER SMASHING EPISODE  
WITH DON MANLEY...WILL  
APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...  
GREEN HORNET COMICS..

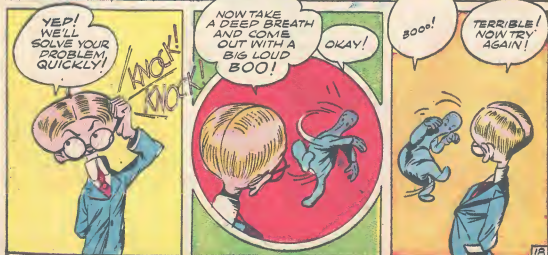
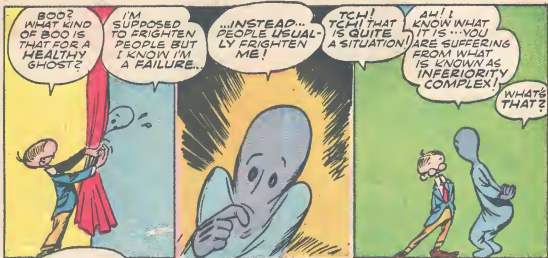
"THE LITTLE FELLOW WITH THE SUPER-DUPER BRAINS... ENOUGH INTELLIGENCE TO FILL THE HEADS OF TEN MEN... HE'S SO SMART HE SOMETIMES OUTSMARTS HIMSELF... WHEN HE KNOCKS HIS HEAD WITH HIS KNUCKLES... BE CAREFUL... IT'S A BRAINSTORM COMING... THAT MY DEAR READER IS..."

# "MASTERMIND" McInty









**Boo!**

WHY YOU  
EVEN SCARED  
THE DICKENS  
OUTA' ME!

I DID?  
I REALLY  
FRIGHTENED  
YOU?

WELL!  
THAT'S  
SOMETHING!  
NOW YOU'RE  
GETTING  
SOMEWHERE!  
TRY AGAIN!

SURE!  
THERE'S NO-  
THIN WRONG  
WITH YOU...  
YOU'VE BEEN  
SUFFERIN'  
FROM BOO  
TROUBLE!

AND NOW  
I AIN'T GOT  
NO MORE  
INFERIORITY  
COMPLEX?

**Boo!**

OH!

NOPE!  
YOU HAVE  
THE NECESSARY  
CONFIDENCE  
IN YOURSELF  
TO HAUNT  
A HOUSE  
CAPABLY!

GOSH,  
I'M HAPPY!  
I'LL TRY IT  
ON MRS  
WHIPPER-  
SNAPPER!

GOODY!  
GOODY!

WHY!  
HE REALLY  
FRIGHTENED  
ME!

**Boo!**

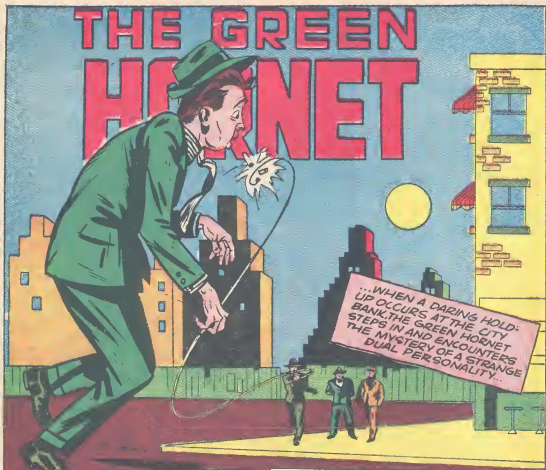
OH!

...AND  
THANK YOU  
VERY MUCH!  
YOU CAN IMAGINE  
HOW EMBARRAS-  
SING IT HAS BEEN  
HAVING A GHOST  
IN THE HOUSE  
THAT DIDN'T  
FRIGHTEN  
ME!

...SHUCKS  
IT WERENT  
ANYTHING  
AT ALL...I  
STRAIGHTEN-  
ED HIM OUT.  
...HE'LL SCARE  
THE DAY-  
LIGHTS OUT  
OF YOU  
NOW!

AND MASTERMIND DOES  
ANOTHER GOOD DEED!  
LOOK FOR FURTHER  
ADVENTURES OF THE  
LITTLE GUY WITH THE  
SUPER-DUPER BRAINS!

# THE GREEN HORNET



BRITT REID, PUBLISHER OF THE SENTINEL, IS ASSISTED BY HIS SECRETARY, WHILE ON A SHOPPING TOUR AT A COSTUMERS...

I THINK THAT I WILL MAKE A LOVELY COSTUME FOR YOUR NEPHEW, BOSS!

IT'S JUST THE THING FOR A HIGH SCHOOL COSTUME BALL, SIR!

THE COSTUME... SHE IS NOT COMPLETE... SENOR!

I'LL TAKE IT!... WHO? SAID THAT?

ME! SENOR! IN MY HOME COUNTRY, THE GAUCHO HE IS NEVER WITHOUT THE WHIP! PERMIT ME, I AM SENOR ALVAREZ!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



GORRY!...I DIDN'T KNOW THE WHIP WAS SO ESSENTIAL!

ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU WHY!...A WHIP PLEASE, MR. BROWN!

YES, MR. ALVAREZ!



HERE YOU ARE!

STED OVER THERE, MIKE!



LIKE A STRIKING SNAKE, THE MAN LASHES THE BULL WHIP...

OBSERVE CLOSELY WHY THE GAUCHO IS NEVER WITHOUT A WHIP, SENOR!



SEE, MISTAIR! A WHIP IS AS MUCH A PART OF THE GAUCHO AS THE COSTUME!



...I'LL TAKE THAT WHIP!...AND MUCH OBLIGED, SENOR ALVAREZ!



GOSH, BOSS! DID YOU SEE HIM HANDLE THAT WHIP? BOY, HE SURE IS THE ROMANTIC TYPE!

UNLESS I'M WRONG I'VE SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE!



WE SHIFT TO ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY... IT IS MID-DAY... AN ARMORED TRUCK PULLS UP AT THE CITY NATIONAL BANK... GUARDS EMERGE...



...AND SUDDENLY A SPECTACULAR HOLDUP IS CARRIED OUT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BY A BAND OF GANGSTERS, DISGUISED AS POLICEMEN...

DON'T ANYBODY MOVE AND THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE!

OPEN THE SAFES...TOSS THE MONEY OUT IN BAGS!

MAKE IT SNAPPY!

...BUT UNSEEN BY THE BANDITS...  
THE FINGER OF ONE OF THE  
BANK TELLERS PUSHES A BUTTON...

IT'S ONE  
CHANCE IN A  
THOUSAND!  
THE BURGLAR  
ALARM!

AT THE SOUND OF THE ALARM THE THUGS BECOME  
PANIC STRICKEN....

OKAY,  
BOSS!  
I GOT  
HIM!

GRAB AS  
MUCH DOUGH  
AS YOU CAN!  
LET'S BEAT  
IT, QUICK!

**R-R-KINGG!**

...MICHAEL AXFORD, REPORTER  
FOR BRITT REID'S SENTINEL...  
PASSING BY, HEARS THE  
COMMOTION AND DASHES  
FOR THE BANK...

...AND HE IS ALMOST FOOLED  
BY THE BANDITS IN POLICE  
UNIFORMS....

SHURE, IF  
SOMETHING  
AIN'T HAPPENING  
AT THE BANK!

WHY, IT'S  
NOTHING AT ALL!  
THEY ARE JUST  
GUARDS FOR  
THE... WELL  
I'LL BE, 2

HURRY!  
YOU GUYS,  
OR THE COPS  
WILL BE  
HERE!

GUARDS AFRAID  
OF COPS? I DON'T  
GET IT! YES...I DO!  
...IT'S A HOLDUP!  
I'LL NOTIFY THE  
POLICE...THEN  
THE PAPER!

HEY, BOSS...  
LOOK! THAT  
GUYS WISE!

THIS'LL STOP HIM!... NOW FOR A GETAWAY!

OKAY, GUYS!  
...HOP IN AND  
LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE!

1





WHY THE DIRTY....! REID'LL WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!



AND IF THAT GUY HADN'T TRIPPED ME WITH THAT WHIP I'D HAVE CAUGHT THOSE BANK ROBBERS SINGLE HANDED!

WHIP? DID HE SPEAK WITH A SOUTH AMERICAN ACCENT? WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?



I DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE, BOSS, BUT HE SURE SPOKE LIKE A MUG!

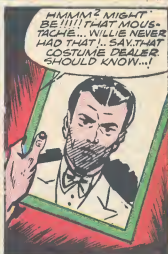
OKAY, AXFORD! SEE WHAT ELSE YOU CAN FIND AROUND TOWN! SEE YOU LATER!



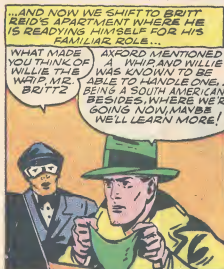
SEÑOR ALVAREZ?... A WHIP?... A BANK ROBBERY?... IT DON'T ADD UP! THIS ALVAREZ GUY WAS A POLISHED GENTLEMAN!... SAY?



... AND BRING BACK ALL THE PICTURES YOU'VE GOT ON THIS WILLIE THE WHIP CASE... YES! IT WAS SOME YEARS AGO!



HMMM? MIGHT BE!!!! THAT MOUS-TACHÉ... WILLIE NEVER HAD THAT!... SAY, THAT COSTUME DEALER SHOULD KNOW!...



...AND NOW WE SHIFT TO BRITT REID'S APARTMENT WHERE HE IS READYING HIMSELF FOR HIS FAMILIAR ROLE...

WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF WILLIE THE WHIP, MR. BRITT?

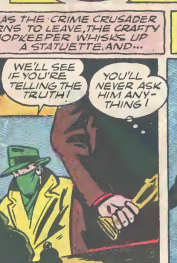
AXFORD MENTIONED A WHIP AND WILLIE WAS KNOWN TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE ONE, BEING A SOUTH AMERICAN, BESIDES, WHERE WE'RE GOING NOW, MAYBE WE'LL LEARN MORE!

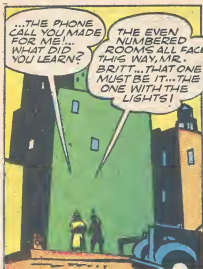
LATER...



KEEP IN SIGHT, KATO! ..I'M GOING IN BEFORE HE CLOSES!

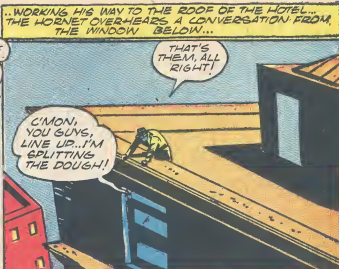
BROWN THEATRICAL COSTUME





...THE PHONE CALL YOU MADE FOR ME!... WHAT DID YOU LEARN?

THE EVEN NUMBERED ROOMS ALL FACE THIS WAY, MR. BRITT... THAT ONE MUST BE IT... THE ONE WITH THE LIGHTS!



...WORKING HIS WAY TO THE ROOF OF THE HOTEL... THE HORNET OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION FROM THE WINDOW BELOW...

THAT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT!

C'MON, YOU GUYS, LINE UP... I'M SPLITTING THE DOUGH!

TRUSTING TO A STEEL-LIKE GRIP, THE HORNET GRASPS THE LEDGE OF THE BUILDING... LOWERS HIMSELF...



...AND CRASHES INTO THE ROOM...



PARDON MY CRASHING IN, GENTLEMEN... BUT I'D LIKE A WORD WITH SENOR ALVAREZ!



THE HORNET! WELL I'LL BE?

C'MON, GUYS, WE'LL TOSS HIM RIGHT BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM!

AS THE THUGS RUSH FOR THE HORNET, HE FIRMLY GRIPS HIS GAS-GUN....



THEY MEAN BUSINESS... I'LL HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY!

BUT SUDDENLY THE HORNET HEARS THE CRACK OF A WHIP AND HIS GUN IS SNAPPED FROM HIS HAND.



CRACK



I CAN USE THAT GUN... HORNET!



CLEVER WITH THAT WHIP ALVAREZ... ALMOST AS CLEVER AS WILLIE THE WHIP AS YOU WERE ONCE KNOWN!



WE GOT 'IM, BOSS!  
I'LL SAY WE HAVE!

DESPITE A COURAGEOUS FIGHT, THE HORNET IS OVERPOWERED...



YOU FIND THINGS OUT DON'T YOU, HORNET? SURE I CHANGED MY IDENTITY! NEW RACKET... NEW NAME!

BUT UNNOTICED, ANOTHER FIGURE SLIPS INTO THE ROOM... THAT OF THE EVER-WATCHFUL KATO...

AT THAT MOMENT, KATO SPRINGS FOR THE GAS-GUN...

...AND ENABLES THE HORNET TO WARD OFF HIS ATTACKER...



THEY'VE GOT MR. BRITT, I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!

NOW, HORNET... SEE HOW HELPLESS YOU ARE WITHOUT YOUR GUN?... I'LL GIVE YOU A DOSE OF YOUR OWN GAS, THEN...



GOOD WORK, KATO!



...AND AS THE FIGHT CONTINUES... FAITHFUL KATO GRASPS THE GAS GUN...

...AND DISCHARGES A BLAST...

...BUT, CRAFTY, WILLIE THE WHIP... SIDE-STEPS OUT OF THE RANGE OF THE FUMES...



DUCK, HORNET! DUCK!



YOU WON'T GET ME! WATCH THIS, HORNET!



WITH LIGHTNING PRECISION  
HE GRIPS HIS WHIP AND  
SHATTERS THE LAMP...

...THEN ESCAPES IN  
THE DARKNESS...

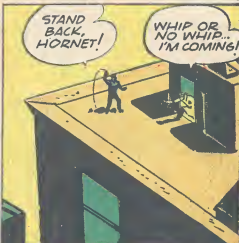


HE'S  
MAKING  
FOR THE  
ROOF!



STAND  
BACK,  
HORNET!

WHIP OR  
NO WHIP...  
I'M COMING!



OKAY, WILLIE!  
HERE'S WHERE  
WE FIGHT IT OUT!



YOU  
SNAPPED  
MY GUN  
AWAY FROM  
ME, BUT...



THIS'LL BE  
AS GOOD AS  
THE GAS  
GUN!



I NOTIFIED  
THE POLICE  
ABOUT  
THE ONE AT THE  
THEATRICAL  
COSTUME  
SHOP  
TOO!

GOOD!  
WE'LL DUMP  
THIS RAT  
ON THE PILE  
AND GO!



UNSEEN, THE HORNET AND HIS TRUSTED ASSISTANT  
VIEW THE RESULT OF THEIR WORK AS THE  
GANGSTERS ARE ROUNDED UP BY THE POLICE....

THE SIGN OF THE  
HORNET ON THEM...  
WONDER HOW HE KNEW  
THESE MUGS' BUSTED INTO  
THE BANK?

...AND HE'S  
NEVER AROUND  
WHEN WE SHOW  
UP!



THE END



# BILL AND TIM



Foot sore and weary he had fallen asleep in an old shed off one of the back streets of Tucson. Hours later he met Tim. We'll never know which was in greater need of a friend. Tim can't speak. Both were worn with travel; it's possible the dog chasing a rabbit deep into the woods was left behind when a touring car broke camp, bringing suffering to Tim and to a lad in that car crying over his loss; however, it happened. Tim whining and licking the closed eyelids of Billy Wallace must have sent some of the warmth of his heart into the chill of poor Bill's. We know not what Bill asked of Tim, but Tim told him with the appealing love of his eyes he had found a friend and all was well. The hurt of Tim's loss had gone with the awakening of Bill, some strange psychic force lay in this moment; then was begun a friendship that was to last through life. We can't know which hurts more, the loneliness of a boy or the loneliness of a dog; it must be when two such souls meet, misery pulls off her mask and hope stands forth again; for now came a turn to Bill's adventure. He got a job.

No boy ever brought more sunshine into the life of another, no girl was capable of more devotion, no more brave or kindly soul ever lived than Tim Wallace; his reactions to the mood of a situation, person or group reflected an unbelievable intelligence; he exhibited faith in the kindness of others in his approach to all things; to know him was to love him and how Bill Wallace loved him. Though dog he was, we called him Tim Wallace because he belonged to Bill Wallace and because his almost human understanding entitled him to family rating, he was the kind of dog that watched over Bill Wallace with a mother's devotion and asked as little in return, a look, a word, and all the neglect common to most of us was forgotten in the privilege of being together.

Bill Wallace, age 14, was a rod rider and hitch hiker who had fallen for the call of adventure, adventure that had crept into his soul in the movie theatre back there on lower Canal, but the sands of Arizona had blown out his taste for all the Indians and Cowboys that you could herd into the whole of the West. Billy was just a tired sick boy longing to be back where a feller could get a hamburger in 20 minutes of paper selling or a belly full with an hour's work.

It's not a simple thing for a tramp (Bill was now a tramp as others saw him) in the Western Country to find work; but a weather-beaten boy and a weather-beaten dog is a different matter; we do believe such a sight would stir a wooden Indian into action, it sure melted the heart of Farmer Eaton.

When he saw them there in the shed he was forced to say, "Any boy so loved by a dog must be a worthwhile kid." There is something elemental about western hospitality; it is first expressed in food. Mr. Eaton insisted on that before hearing Bill's story—they were hungry and what they did to Mrs. Eaton's food is a compliment.

Bill's mother could take an onion, a few potatoes, a shin bone, some water and with a bit of seasoning turn it into a combination that put satisfaction into life, but Mrs. Eaton must have put some unknown something into those flapjacks that caused Mother's stew to fade into nothing. Never before could Bill recall being so satisfied with life. After the second helping, he was scratching his head hunting for words to tell her as much. Arizona milk didn't have the same taste, smell or color as Avenue B delicatessen milk, each mouthful was changing Bill's memory of things; all those weary miles now seemed like an excursion into the world—all the sore and pain of his little body was wiped away by the smiles of that good lady.

Bill's story awakened memories of her own little boy Jimmy, now gone. Jimmy had gone in the deep of night leaving only a note—"Don't worry, Mother. I will write you."—Jimmy had the same courage and hope that Bill felt in leaving home. Both wanted to taste the thrill of life just over the hill; the never ending call of youth to be in there fighting and winning—not seeing the difficulty of the fight, not knowing that all these wonderful things have first to be made, that making them requires labor and years of time to give them the beauty they possess.

Jimmy had seen those giant buildings and the mad traffic of Times Square with its brilliant lights, there on the screen in Tucson, only to be filled with a determination that he must be a part of it. Night after night he lay awake thinking of the wonder of it all and the fun he was missing here in quiet old Tucson. It all looked so simple. His mother had noticed a change in Jimmy; but boys are that way—she thought nothing of it; suppose he did complain that cows were nothing to him. He was too young to understand that cows were the foundation of his home. These memories prompted her to ask Mr. Eaton to give her Bill, to quiet her longing for Jim.

When she offered to give them a home and

a job, Tim with his shrewd understanding of what was happening came over and rubbed his nose on Mrs. Eaton's shoe in gratitude, whilst Bill sat there crying his thanks to these kind people; how was a little boy to know the world was so hard and so good in spots.

Bill had been kicked out of an empty box car about seven miles the other side of some town in Oklahoma and robbed of the last few pennies saved on that long ride from Topeka. He had managed to get a handout in town, someone gave him a ride for some little distance. When he again hopped a freight train on a siding in New Mexico, riding the rods this time.

It seemed days later when that rough brakeman dragged him out of a sound sleep from his bunk under that car leaving him on the desert. All was confusion, his head was whirling, he must have fallen asleep back there in New York in the theatre looking at "Sante Fe Trail." When he reached for his cap getting a hand full of sand instead, the romance of the West, then and there, gave way to the bitterness of what he had lived through the past week, but he was cold and hungry and he knew he must go on; he had come on foot into Mr. Eaton's old shed.

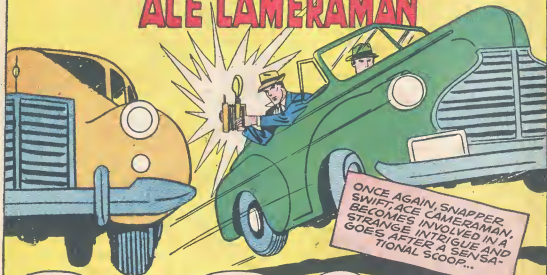
In four months time Bill was made a full fledged cowboy, not the riding kind, but the milking kind. Tim supervised driving in of the cows, we say supervised because no shepherd's dog ever tended a flock of sheep with more skill than did Tim in rounding up those cows for the evening's milking.

Bill had far to go yet before acquiring the knack of swinging a rope, but he could sit his saddle fairly good for an Eastside newsboy just six months from the Bowery. Hitching the team and covering the milk route in Tucson was his really important morning's chore; no man ever laced his way through the streets of that town with greater pride than Bill on that wagon with his five-gallon hat and boots. Both Mr. and Mrs. Eaton agreed that he was man enough but not big enough for a ten-gallon hat, and that Tim beyond any question was the most valuable dog in the West.



# SNAPPER SWIFT

## ACE CAMERAMAN



THIS MICRO LENS GENERATES A RAY THAT PENETRATES ANYTHING AND LIGHTS THE SUBJECT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED!

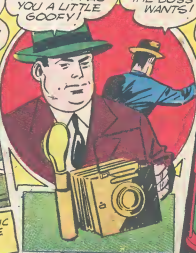
...TAKE PICTURES THRU BRICK WALLS...IRON DOORS...I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT, SNAPPER!

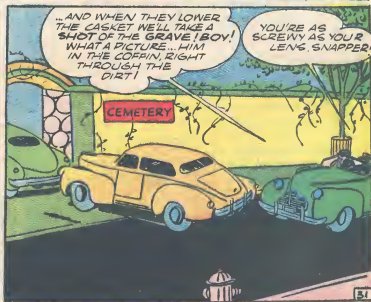
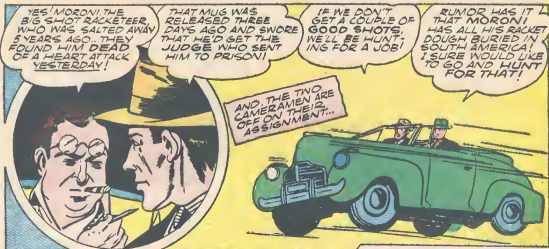
I HATE TO THINK YOU'RE NUTS, BUT I GUESS YOUR LOVE FOR CAMERAS HAS YOU A LITTLE GOOFY!

CUT IT, SPIKE! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT THE BOSS WANTS!

SWIFT... I WANT YOU AND SPIKE TO COVER THE MORONI FUNERAL!

THE MORONI...WHAT?





LATER, AFTER THE PROCESSION BREAKS UP...

BOY, THIS IS A BEAUTY...  
A PICTURE OF A MAN  
IN HIS GRAVE!

YOU'RE WASTING  
YOUR TIME! ALL YOU'VE  
GOT IS A DRAWN SHADE...  
...AND FLOWERS  
ON A GRAVE!



BACK TO THE OFFICE,  
SPIKE... AND WE'LL SEE  
HOW THE MICRO LENS  
WORKS!



LATER, IN THE DARK ROOM,  
THE FILMS ARE DEVELOPED,  
AND.....

THEY'RE  
COMING  
OUT, AND  
...LOOK!

SAY! THAT LENS  
IS DYNAMITE!  
YOU WERE RIGHT,  
SNAPPER!

A  
PERFECT  
SHOT... AND  
RIGHT THROUGH  
THE WINDOW  
SHADE!

YEAH!... BUT  
MORONI'S  
WIDOW LOOKS  
TOO HAPPY TO  
BE ATTENDING  
A FUNERAL...  
LET'S SEE THE  
OTHER PRINT!

WHAAA?? THAT  
COFFIN'S EMPTY,  
SPIKE! THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
SCREWY ABOUT  
THE WHOLE AFFAIR!  
I'M GOING TO SEE  
THE BOSS!

WELL...  
I'LL BE!!



ACCORDING  
TO THESE PICTURES,  
MORONI WASN'T  
BURIED!

I AGREE,  
...BUT WHAT'S  
THE GAS BE-  
HIND IT? I  
CAN'T MAKE IT  
OUT... WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

I UNDERSTAND MORONI'S  
GOT HIS RACKET DOUGH  
SALTED AWAY IN SOUTH  
AMERICA... MY IDEA IS  
THIS... HE STAGES A  
PHONEY DEATH GAS  
...AND IN A COUPLE OF  
DAYS HE'LL KNOCK OFF  
JUDGE ALLEN AS HE  
SWORE HE WOULD...  
THEN SKIP OUT  
OF THE COUNTRY!

IF I  
COULD BE  
SURE OF THAT,  
I'D PUT AN EXTRA  
OUT ON THE  
STREET!

BUT YOU'VE  
GOT PICTURES!  
THOSE SHOTS OF  
THE WIDOW... AND  
THE GRAVE! WHY,  
BOSS... IT'LL SET  
THE TOWN ON  
IT'S EAR!

...OR GET  
US BOTH  
TARRED  
AND  
FEATHERED!





THAT NIGHT, A SENSATIONAL  
EXTRA HITS THE STREETS...

EXTRY! MORONI  
NOT DEAD! PHOTO  
REVEALS GANGSTER  
NOT IN FUNERAL  
COFFIN!



AND AS THE PUBLIC IS  
STUNNED BY THE DARING  
ARTICLE, SNAPPER AND  
SPIKE SPEED THROUGH  
THE NIGHT...

OKAY, SPIKE  
...TURN LEFT  
HERE!

WHY THE PICK  
AND SHOVELS?  
WHERE ARE  
WE GOING?

TO THE  
CEMETERY!

TO HAVE  
ANOTHER  
LOOK AT  
MORONI'S  
GRAVE?

G...S...GOSH,  
SNAPPER....  
I D.D...DON'T  
LIKE THIS!!

WHAT! A BIG  
BOY LIKE YOU  
AFRAID OF GHOSTS?  
COME ON!

LOSING NO TIME, THE  
TWO MEN DIG INTO THE  
SOFT UNSETTLED EARTH  
AND...

THERE IT IS,  
SNAPPER....!  
THE COFFIN!

CHEER UP SONNY  
...AND LETS HAVE  
A LOOK INSIDE!

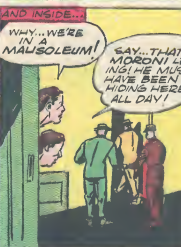
EMPTY!  
JUST LIKE  
THE PICTURE  
SHOWED!

WE'LL  
I'LL BE....  
I WONDER?

AND AS SNAPPER EXAMINES  
THE EMPTY COFFIN, A  
PORTION OF THE CASKET'S  
BOTTOM SLIPS OPEN,  
REVEALING....

WHY, IT'S  
AN OPENING,  
MAYBE SOME  
SORT OF A  
TUNNEL!  
I'M GOING  
TO HAVE A  
LOOK!

LET'S HAVE  
THE LANTERN,  
SPIKE!



AFTER TYING THE BEATEN THUGS, AND PILING THEM INTO THE CAR, THE CAMERA-MEN SPEED TO THE HOME OF JUDGE ALLEN...

LEAVE THESE MUGS IN THE CAR!...LET'S GO INSIDE AND SEE IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED!

AS THEY REACH THE JUDGE'S PRIVATE STUDY...

...AND AFTER I KILL YOU AS I SWORE I WOULD, FOR SENDING ME TO PRISON, I'LL SKIP TO SOUTH AMERICA...AND NOBODY'LL KNOW!

THAT'S MORONI! LET'S GO, SPIKE!

THE GAME'S UP, MORONI!

NOT YET! FIRST THE JUDGE DIES!

SPIKE'S TIMELY THROW SENDS THE CAMERA SMASHING INTO MORONI'S HAND AS THE GUN EXPLODES HARMLESSLY!

LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARE CALLED TO TAKE THE THREE THUGS INTO CUSTODY...

SEZ YOU!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU BOYS!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, YOUR HONOR! OKAY, SPIKE, LET'S GET BACK TO THE OFFICE!

BANG!

...AND THOSE TWO MUGS WITH MORONI...ONE WAS THE PHONY DOC WHO SIGNED THE DEATH CERTIFICATE...AND THE OTHER WAS THE GRAVE DIGGER, BOTH FORMER MEMBERS OF MORONI'S GANG... SAY, WHAT'S WRONG, SNAPPER?

SPIKE WRECKED MY MICRO LENS WHEN HE SMASHED MORONI!

HERE, SNAPPER...I TOOK IT OUT BEFORE I PITCHED THAT STRIKE! IT'S SAFE!

LATER... IN THE EDITOR'S OFFICE

SNAPPER SWIFT MAKES USE OF HIS AMAZING-SUPER MICRO LENS IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE APPEARING IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE!

# "CANNONBALL" CANNON



THE DARING  
PERFORMER  
OF THE  
FAMOUS  
TRENT  
CIRCUS  
DECIDES  
ON A NEW  
CAREER...

CANNON-  
BALL, I'M  
SORRY TO  
SEE YOU,  
LEAVE!

I SURE LIKED  
WORKING FOR YOU,  
MR. TRENT...BUT FROM  
NOW ON IT'S UNCLE  
SAM WHO'LL BOSS  
ME!

WHAT  
BRANCH OF  
THE SERVICE  
ARE YOU  
JOINING?

THE AIR  
CORPS, SIR!  
I'M PRETTY WELL  
USED TO THE  
AIR AFTER  
DOING MY  
ACT!

WEEKS LAPSE INTO MONTHS AS CANNON-BALL UNDERGOES RIGID TRAINING, SUPERVISED BY THE CAPABLE HANDS OF THE ARMY'S MOST SKILLED INSTRUCTORS, UNTIL....

THE BIG MOMENT ARRIVES IN CANNONBALL CANNON'S ARMY CAREER...

CADET CANNON... YOUR SOLO... AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR!

WITH EXPERT HANDLING... THE HUGE ARMY PLANE GLIDES GRACEFULLY OFF THE RUNWAY...

ON THE GROUND, ARMY OFFICIALS KEEP STRICT WATCH ON THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW FLYER.

...AS THE MAJOR AND CAPTAIN WATCH CADET CANNON...THERE IS A SUDDEN BURST OF FLAMES!

CADET CANNON'S WORK SO FAR IS SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF, CAPTAIN!

YES, MAJOR. HE'S A CAPABLE MAN!

SOMETHING'S WRONG, MAJOR...HIS PLANE IS ON FIRE!

HOPE HE BALES OUT QUICK!

I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE OR I'LL BE SCORCHED!

HERE GOES!

THANK GOODNESS...THE CHUTE OPENED!

A CADET GOES UP A ROOKIE AND COMES DOWN A FINISHED FLYER!

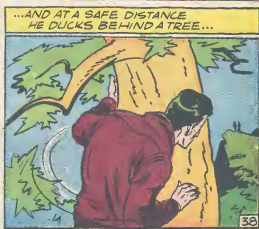




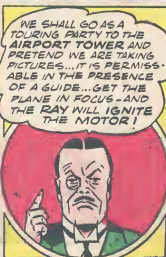
A SHORT WHILE LATER THE FIGURE OF CADET CANNON SCOURS THE NEIGHBORING COUNTRY-SIDE...



SUDDENLY, A HASTY GLANCE REVEALS AN INTERESTING SIGHT TO THE CADET...



SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER...



BOUND AND GAGGED,  
THE UNCONSCIOUS  
FORM OF CANNON IS  
TOSSED TO THE FLOOR...

LET HIM LIE HERE  
UNTIL WE GET BACK!  
WHEN IT IS DARK WE'LL  
GET RID OF HIM IN  
THE RIVER!

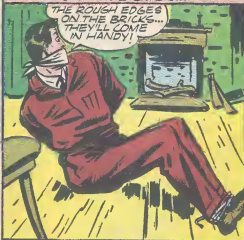


TO THE AIRPORT!  
WE HAVE BIG GAME  
THIS TIME....A  
FLYING FORTRESS!



CANNON REGAINS HIS SENSES A  
SHORT TIME LATER...

THE ROUGH EDGES  
ON THE BRICKS...  
THEY'LL COME  
IN HANDY!



WRIGGLING TO THE  
WALL OF THE FIRE  
PLACE, HE WORKS  
FEVERISHLY, AND...



... SOON THE JAGGED  
ROCKS SEVER THE CORD.

I MUST  
HURRY!



AND, ONCE FREE, HE HAILS  
A PASSING MOTORIST...

THANKS!  
DROP ME  
AT THE  
AIRPORT!



LATER...

CANNON!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?  
DID YOU LEARN  
ANYTHING?

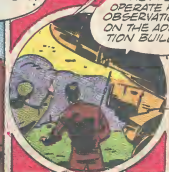
PLENTY, SIR!  
THEY'RE USING A  
MYSTERIOUS RAY-  
THROWER, WHICH  
IGNITES THE MOTORS  
AND CAUSES AN  
EXPLOSION!

THERE'S A FLY-  
ING FORTRESS  
UP THERE WITH  
A CLASS OF  
CADETS!

THEY PLAN TO  
OPERATE FROM THE  
OBSERVATION TOWER  
ON THE ADMINISTRA-  
TION BUILDING!

...BY CHANCE, CANNON'S  
FORMER CIRCUIT IS PER-  
FORMING ON A NEARBY  
FIELD....

THIS IS LUCK!  
MAYBE I CAN  
DO SOMETHING!  
FOLLOW ME,  
SIR!



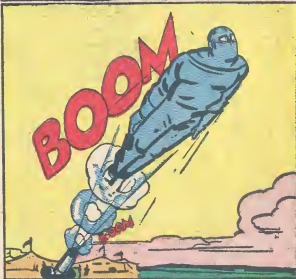
AFTER GETTING PERMISSION FROM MR. TRENT, CANNON DONS HIS OLD ASBESTOS SUIT, AND...

AIM IT AT THE OBSERVATION TOWER ...AND GET SOME OF THE BOYS UP THERE, QUICK!

OKAY... BUT I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



...SUDDENLY, THERE IS A DEAFENING ROAR...



...AS HE HURTTLES THRU SPACE TOWARD THE TOWER...



THE PLANE IS IN FOCUS NOW!



LOOK! WHAT'S THAT? I MUST BE DREAMING!

I'LL TAKE THAT!



...AS CANNON DISPOSES OF THE LEADER, ARMY OFFICIALS NAB THE OTHER THUGS...

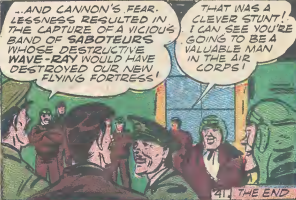
THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



LATER, WHEN THE FOREIGN AGENTS ARE TURNED OVER TO THE F.B.I.

...AND CANNON'S FEARLESSNESS RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE OF A VICIOUS BAND OF SABOTEURS WHOSE DESTRUCTIVE WAVE-RAY WOULD HAVE DESTROYED OUR NEW FLYING FORTRESS!

THAT WAS A CLEVER STUNT! I CAN SEE YOU'RE GOING TO BE A VALUABLE MAN IN THE AIR CORPS!

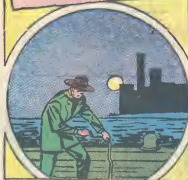


# MISTER TWISTER



A FORMER ACTOR WHO DISCARDED HIS MAKEUP KIT TO JOIN THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, JIM HAINS MAKES USE OF HIS DRAMATIC ABILITY BY ADOPTING THE ROLE OF MISTER TWISTER, AN OLD MAN WITH A TWISTED CANE, FROM WHICH HE GETS HIS NAME. ONLY HIS SUPERIOR AT THE F.B.I. KNOWS THE REAL IDENTITY OF THIS STRANGE CHARACTER!

HEAVY SACKS ARE LOADED ONTO THE TRUCK...THE FIGURE OF THE TWISTER MOVES TOWARD THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET...



NIGHT TIME, AND A STRANGE CHARACTER WITH A TWISTED CANE HOBBLES ALONG THE WATERFRONT...

H MMM, I WONDER WHAT KREIGER'S TRUCK IS PICKING UP AT THE COAST GUARD PIER AT THIS LATE HOUR? LOOKS FUNNY!





AND WHEN THE TRUCK IS FULLY LOADED...

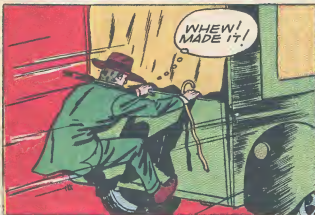
THEY'RE LEAVING...  
CAN'T LET THEM GET  
AWAY WITHOUT KNOWING  
WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



UNSEEN BY THE "TRUCKMEN, HE LEAPS  
TOWARD THE MOVING VEHICLE...



WHEW!  
MADE IT!



AS THE TRUCK RACES ALONG,  
THE TWISTER WORKS HIS  
WAY INSIDE....



PRESENTLY, THE TRUCK  
HALTS BEFORE A HUGE  
PUBLISHING HOUSE!

HURRY, WE GOT  
TO GET THE STUFF  
IN BEFORE THE  
POLICE MAKE  
THE ROUNDS  
AGAIN!



AS THE TAILBOARD  
IS DROPPED...

VOT ISS  
DISZ COME  
DOWN, YOU!



SURELY YOU  
WON'T BEGRUDGE  
AN OLD MAN  
A RIDE?

NEFER  
MIND  
DOT...  
BEAT  
IT!



AND AS THE FIGURE WITH THE CANE  
HOBBLES OFF....

SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED...ONE  
OF THE SACKS  
IS OPEN!

WHAT! THE OLD  
MAN... DOT FACE!  
NOW I KNOW IT! HE'S  
THE TWISTER!

GET HIM!  
BEFORE HE  
READS ANY OF  
THE PAPERS!

AN OLD MAN  
LIKE THAT WILL  
BE A CINCH!

THIS WILL  
BE EASIER  
THAN I....

I KNEW  
YOU'D TRY  
SOMETHING...  
SO I SAVED  
THIS FOR  
YOU!

POW!

CRACK!

LEAVING THEM IN A CRUMPLED  
HEAP...THE TWISTER DIS-  
APPEARS INTO A DESERTED  
ALLEY AND...

LATER, IN HIS  
APARTMENT...

WHEN! I'M  
GLAD TO GET  
OUT OF  
THIS!

REMOVING HIS MAKEUP,  
MR. TWISTER BECOMES  
JIM HAINS, AND STUDIES  
A PAMPHLET TAKEN FROM  
THE TRUCK...

SACKS FILLED WITH  
PROPAGANDA AND FIFTH  
COLUMN INFORMATION ALL  
GOING TO THE KREIGER  
BUILDING!...NO WONDER  
KREIGER'S MAGAZINES  
ARE SOLD BY SUBSCRIP-  
TION ONLY....

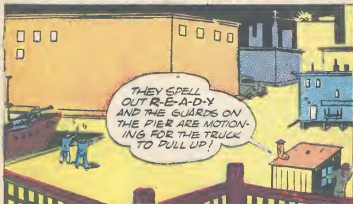
...THEN THOSE FAKE COAST GUARDSMEN ARE FOREIGN AGENTS WORKING WITH FIFTH COLUMNISTS! NO WONDER THE STUFF IS BROUGHT IN AND NOBODY SUSPECTS ANYTHING! MORE WORK FOR ME!

THE NEXT EVENING FINDS JIM HAINS ONCE AGAIN AS THE TWISTER, CLOSELY OBSERVING THE WATERFRONT.

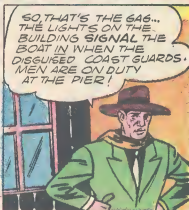
HMMM...NOTHING UNUSUAL...BUT THOSE LIGHTS ON THE KREIGER BUILDING SEEM TO GO ON AND OFF!

TIME PASSES, BUT SOON THE TWISTER MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN...THAT'S A SIGNAL...IN MORSE CODE!



THEY SPELL OUT R-E-A-D-Y AND THE GUARDS ON THE PIER ARE MOTIONING FOR THE TRUCK TO PULL UP!



SO THAT'S THE GAG... THE LIGHTS ON THE BUILDING SIGNAL THE BOAT IN WHEN THE DISGUISED COAST GUARDSMEN ARE ON DUTY AT THE PIER!

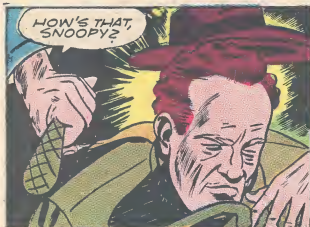
THE STRANGE CRIME FIGHTER NOTIFIES THE POLICE AND THEN...

...AS HE HOBBLES ACROSS THE STREET...

...AND IN HALF AN HOUR PICK UP THE TWO COAST GUARDSMEN ON DUTY, THEN PROCEED TO THE KREIGER BUILDING FOR THE REST...IT'S ME, MR. TWISTER!

HEY, FELLAS...THE OLD GUY WE FOUND ON THE TRUCK LAST NIGHT...HE'S COMING THIS WAY...I'LL SURPRISE HIM FROM THE BACK!



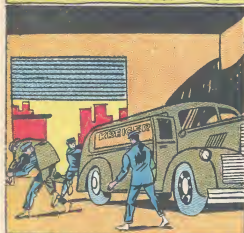


HOW'S THAT,  
SNOOPY?



WE'RE LOADED  
UP... TOSS HIM  
IN AND LET'S  
GET GOING!

LATER, THE TWISTER IS TAKEN  
INSIDE THE KREIGER BUILDING...



AND BROUGHT  
BEFORE THE  
HEAD OF THE  
PUBLISHING  
COMPANY...



IT'S MR.  
TWISTER, KREIGER!  
WE CAUGHT HIM  
SNOOPING AROUND  
THE TRUCK!

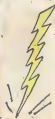
GOOD! AFTER  
LAST NIGHT I  
THOUGHT HE  
SPILLED EVERY-  
THING TO THE  
POLICE... QUICK  
GET ME A ROPE!

THE CORD GROWS TIGHTER AND  
TIGHTER, WHEN...



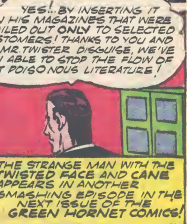
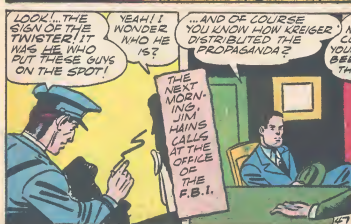
ONE TWIST  
WITH THIS AND  
IT'S THE END  
OF THE...

SUDDENLY  
LIKE A  
BOLT OF  
LIGHT-  
NING,  
THE  
TWISTER  
LASHES  
OUT...



THE HALF HOUR'S  
UP! THEY SHOULD  
BE HERE...

OOF!!





# ZINGARA

## THE GREAT



PSTT

LANCE POWELL, ARCHEOLOGIST, IS EXCAVATING IN EGYPT ON THE SITE OF A BURIED CITY, RECENTLY DISCOVERED UNDER THE DESERT SANDS...

GRR

SUDDENLY... HE COMES UPON STRANGE HIEROGLYPHS ON A WALL...

THAT'S QUEER... NEVER SAW THIS TYPE OF SYMBOL WRITING BEFORE!

THIS HYPER SENSITIVE CAMERA WILL REPRODUCE EVERY DETAIL OF THE WRITING. I'LL SHOW IT TO THE MUSEUM OFFICIALS...

HAVING COMPLETED HIS EXCAVATION OF THE ANCIENT CITY, YOUNG POWELL RETURNS TO AMERICA TO REPORT TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE GREAT MUSEUM...



WEEKS LATER, BACK IN AMERICA, POWELL IS GREETED BY MR. BROWN, HEAD OF THE MUSEUM...

WELCOME BACK, POWELL! YOU DID A FINE JOB IN EGYPT!

THANK YOU, SIR. BY THE WAY, I HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH I WANT TO SHOW YOU!

STRANGE SYMBOL WRITING. IN MY THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE, I'VE NEVER COME ACROSS IT!

PROBABLY THE WRITER INVENTED HIS OWN CODE AND WROTE THIS SECRET MESSAGE!

POWELL SPENDS HOURS AT HIS DESK POURING OVER BOOKS ON ANCIENT SYMBOL WRITING...

THIS IS A TOUGH ONE... THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE MUCH RECORD TO GO BY FOR THIS... SAY...!

AND SUDDENLY...

EUREKA! I'VE GOT IT... I'VE DE-CIPHERED THE SECRET CODE... IT'S A MESSAGE!

WHAT HE FINDS.....

*I Zingara inventist  
of the City of Thela have dis-  
covered the secret of hypnosis  
and powers of Mental suggest-  
ion. I have record of it  
for centuries in a code of  
my own writing in hope  
that it will be discovered  
and deciphered and put  
to use only as a benefit  
to mankind...  
It is as follows*

WHY... WHY... THIS ANCIENT SCIENTIST HAS DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF HYPNOSIS AND MENTAL SUGGESTION! IT'S AMAZING!

THIS INFORMATION IS DANGEROUS! IF A CRIMINAL KNEW OF IT, HE COULD BE POWERFUL, AND THAT'S WHY ZINGARA WROTE IT DOWN IN A CODE OF HIS OWN INVENTION!

BUT A GOOD MAN COULD FIGHT CRIME AND EVIL WITH THIS GREAT SECRET!

SUDDENLY, POWELL MAKES A GREAT DECISION...

I'LL DO IT! I'LL RESIGN FROM THE MUSEUM AND BECOME A MODERN ZINGARA!

4 FEW NIGHTS LATER, IN  
AN UNDERWORLD DIVE...

IT'LL BE A CINCINCH  
TO SNATCH KATIE  
CAREW AFTER HER  
PERFORMANCE TO-  
NIGHT AT THE THEATER!

YEAH! AN' HER  
PRODUCERS WILL  
PAY PLENTY TO  
GET THEIR STAR  
BACK... HA... HA....

KATIE CAREW, FAMOUS  
BROADWAY ACTRESS, RECEIVES  
THE PLAUDITS OF AN ADMIR-  
ING AUDIENCE...

SHE'S A  
GREAT  
ACTRESS!

..AND WHAT A  
GRAND PER-  
FORMANCE  
SHE GAVE  
TONIGHT!

LATER...

THERE SHE IS NOW!  
WE'LL FOLLOW HER  
CAR TO A SIDESTREET!

TAILING THE CAREW CAR  
TO A DESERTED PART  
OF TOWN...

SAY!  
WHAT  
IS  
THIS?

PULL OVER  
THERE, YOU!

THIS'LL  
KEEP YOU  
QUIET!

HELP!

...AT THAT MOMENT LANCE POWELL  
HAPPENS ON THE SCENE...

LOOKS LIKE  
SOMEONE'S  
IN TROUBLE!

...AND AS HE WATCHES, THE  
KIDNAPPERS' CAR SPEEDS AWAY...

SOMEONE OUGHT  
TO DO SOMETHING...  
MAYBE THIS IS MY  
CHANCE TO APPLY  
THE SECRET OF  
ZINGARA!  
I'LL DO IT!

FOLLOWING THE KIDNAPERS' CAR, POWELL DECIDES ON A COURSE OF ACTION...



...SUDDENLY THE KIDNAPPERS ARE SURPRISED BY THE ENTRANCE OF A STRANGE FIGURE...



...BUT BEFORE THE THUGS CAN FIRE, A STRANGE GLEAM OF LIGHT ISSUES FROM ZINGARA'S EYES AS HE APPLIES HIS SECRET OF HYPNOSIS.



...AND RAISING HIS HANDS, HE APPLIES HIS POWERS OF...MENTAL SUGGESTION...



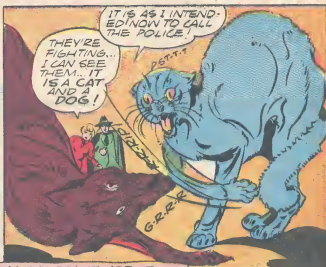
A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...



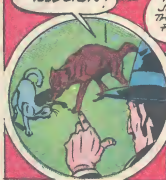
THE SNARLING BEASTS TEAR  
AT EACH OTHER...



THEIR GREED  
FOR MONEY MAKES  
THEM NATURAL ENEMIES,  
AS A CAT AND DOG  
WOULD FIGHT OVER A  
SCRAP OF MEAT...  
THEREFORE THE  
ILLUSION!



...AND AS THE POLICE ARRIVE,  
ZINGARA DESTROYS THE ILLUSION...  
THE MEN BECOME THEMSELVES  
...TIED AND TORN FROM THEIR  
ORDEAL...



WH...WHY...  
JUST LIKE THEY WERE  
FIGHTING!

TRUE!  
AND THAT  
IS MY SECRET!



WOW! WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO ME? I CAN'T  
REMEMBER  
A THING!

SOME-  
ONE  
HIT  
ME!



WE'LL PUT  
THESE GUYS AWAY  
FOR A LONG TIME!

MAY I DRIVE  
YOU HOME,  
MISS CAREW?

YES!  
PLEASE!



YOUR POWERS OF  
HYPNOSIS AND MENTAL  
SUGGESTION ARE  
WONDERFUL, ZINGARA!  
HOW DO YOU DO  
IT?

I'M AFRAID  
I CANNOT  
REVEAL THAT!  
IT IS MY WEAPON  
AGAINST EVIL  
IN THE WORLD!



LATER ALONE IN HIS  
STUDY...

MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH  
CRIME HAS TURNED OUT  
SUCCESSFULLY... AS A  
MODERN ZINGARA I  
SHALL DEVOTE MY LIFE  
TO APPLYING THE TEACH-  
INGS OF THE ANCIENT  
SCIENTIST... AS A DEFEND-  
ER OF RIGHT!



THE END



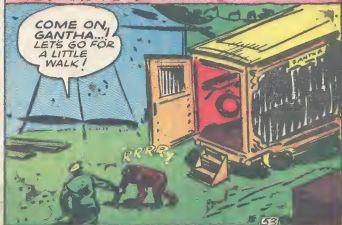
# THE GREEN HORNET



A VAST THRONG GATHERS TO WITNESS A PERFORMANCE OF THE FAMOUS HARRIS CIRCUS.



CASTRO, THE ANIMAL TRAINER, RELEASES THE APE DURING THE PERFORMANCE.....



...BEHIND THE CAGES BITTER VOICES RING OUT...

CASTRO, I'VE WARNED YOU AGAINST TAKING THE ANIMALS OUT DURING THE PERFORMANCE! TRYING TO SCARE THE PATRONS?

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF...HE'S UNDER CONTROL...MR. HARRIS!

NEARBY, BRITT REID AND HIS SECRETARY ARE WALKING...

NICE OF YOU TO BRING ME HERE, MR. REID!

I WANTED TO SHOW YOU I'M NOT JUST A SLAVE DRIVER!

I DON'T LIKE THE TRICKS YOU'VE BEEN TEACHING GANTHA LATELY, AND YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING TOO OFTEN! YOU'RE FIRED!

IT'S OKAY WITH ME! I CAN GET A JOB ANYWHERE!

HOW ABOUT THE SIDE SHOW, BOSS?

A GOOD IDEA, MISS CASE!

...IN THE MEANTIME, THE FIRED TRAINER SEEKS REVENGE...

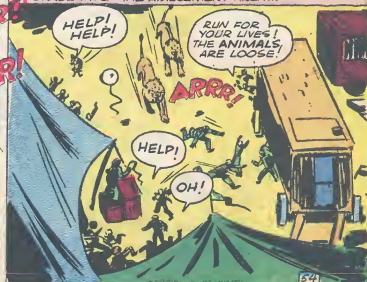
THIS'LL SHOW HARRIS, CASTRO'S NOT TO BE VELL'D AT TOO OFTEN!

SOMEBODY'S GETTING IT, MR. REID...MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T LISTEN!

...AND THEY SUDDENLY FIND THEMSELVES LISTENING IN ON THE BACKSCENE ARGUMENT...

...AND RELEASES SEVERAL OF THE WILD ANIMALS...

PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE AS THE BEASTS BARGE INTO THE AMUSEMENT AREA...



...FURTHER DOWN THE LANE, REID AND HIS SECRETARY PREPARE FOR MORE SHOWS WHEN...

LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!



...IN HER HASTE TO GET OUT OF THE WAY, MISS CASE STUMBLES...



LIKE A KNIGHT OF OLD, MR. REID! THOUGHT I WAS A GONER FOR SURE!

...AND IN A SPLIT SECOND, REID WHIACKS HER OUT OF THE WAY AS THE ANIMALS ARE CORRALLED INTO THE NETS...

OUT OF THE WAY! SOME ANIMALS ARE LOOSE!

WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

HERE! MISS CASE! OVER HERE QUICKLY!

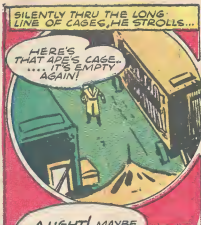


CONCERNED, BECAUSE OF THE STARTLING EVENTS AT THE CIRCUS, REID RETURNS THAT NIGHT AS THE GREEN HORNET!

KEEP A SHARP LOOK-OUT, KATO! I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

YES, MR. BRITT!





STEALING UP TO THE WAGON, THE HORNET PEERS THROUGH THE WINDOW IN TIME TO SEE THE APE RIP OPEN THE STRONG BOX... HE RUSHES IN...





...AND IT STALKS TOWARD THE HORNET...

... SWINGS HIS MIGHTY ARMS SAVAGELY...



...AND FINDING HIS MARK WITH ONE SWEEPING BLOW...



AH! GANTHA! YOU GOT THE MONEY AND THE HORNET TOO! THANK YOU, GANTHA!



NOW WE'LL POLISH OFF THE BOSS! EH, GANTHA?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT APE SHOULD BE IN HIS CAGE!



I'VE GOT YOUR MONEY, MR. HARRIS! NOW I'VE COME FOR YOU! HA! HA!



HELP! STOP HIM!

HARRIS, FIRE ME HEH? GANTHA SHOW HIM!

SUDDENLY A ROCK FLIES THRU THE AIR STRIKING THE APE WITH TERRIFIC FORCE.



THROWN BY KATO, WHO, HEARING THE SCREAMS, RUSHES TO THE SCENE...



GANTHA! KILL! KILL! GANTHA!





BEHIND THE WAGON, REID RECOVERS FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE APE'S BLOWS...



WOW!  
WHAT A  
SOCK! WONDER  
WHERE THEY  
WENT?

GANTHA  
IS AT IT  
AGAIN!



...AS HE GETS UP HIS EYES CATCH SIGHT OF THE BLACK BEAUTY...



KATO  
MUST BE  
HERE!

SENSING THE OUTCOME OF THE SITUATION, THE HORNET RACES TO THE TENT OF THE CIRCUS OWNER...



AS  
THE  
CRAFTY  
CASTRO  
LEAPS TO  
STRIKE,  
KATO TEARS  
HIMSELF  
FROM THE  
BEAST  
TO COME  
TO THE  
AID OF  
HIS  
BELOVED  
EMPLOYER...



WHY, YOU  
MEDDLER! I'LL FIX  
YOU FOR GOOD!

GRRR

IF ONE  
SHOT OF  
THIS GAS  
DOESN'T  
FELL HIM,  
TWO  
SHOULD!



IF I'D BEEN  
A GONER IF IT  
WASN'T FOR YOU  
TWO... HOW  
CAN I EVER  
THANK YOU?

AND MODESTLY THE TWO CRUADERS OF THE NIGHT SPEED HOMEWARDS...

THAT'S OKAY,  
MR. HARRIS!  
SIMPLY NOTIFY THE  
POLICE TO PICK  
UP CASTRO, AND  
GET THAT BEAST  
INTO HIS CAGE! IT'S  
ONLY GAS, HE'LL  
BE ALL RIGHT FOR  
TOMORROW'S  
PERFORMANCE!

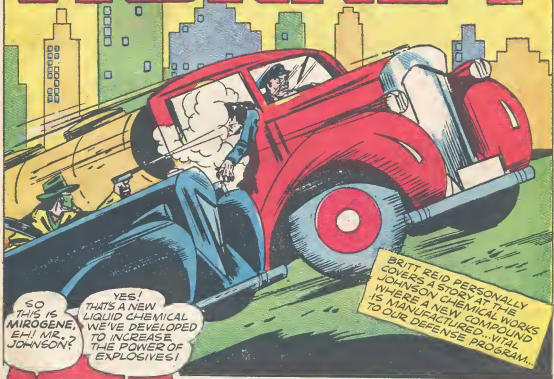
SEEMS  
THE GREEN  
HORNET FINDS  
EXCITEMENT  
EVERYWHERE,  
KATO!

YES,  
MR.  
BRITT!



THE END

# THE GREEN HORNET



SO  
THIS IS  
MIROGENE,  
EH! MR. JOHNSON?

YES!  
THAT'S A NEW  
LIQUID CHEMICAL  
WE'VE DEVELOPED  
TO INCREASE  
THE POWER OF  
EXPLOSIVES!



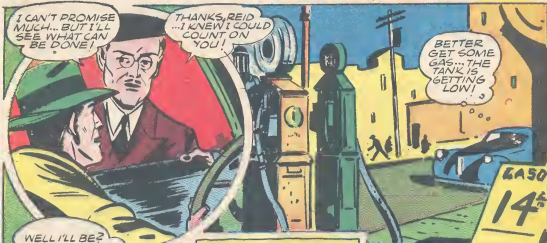
IT'S BEING STOLEN,  
REID!...PLENTY OF IT!  
...HOW I DON'T KNOW!  
BUT THE TANKS SHOW  
QUANTITIES MISSING  
EVERY DAY...I KNOW  
MANY A FOREIGN POWER  
WOULD PAY PLENTY  
FOR THE FORMULA!

WHAT ABOUT  
THE POLICE?

CAN'T CALL THEM  
IN YET! WE'RE KEEP-  
ING THE PRODUCT A  
SECRET! FIGURED YOU  
AS A NEWS PAPER MAN  
MIGHT RECOMMEND  
SOME PRIVATE  
INVESTIGATOR!

AS A NEWS-  
PAPER MAN, I  
OUGHT TO PRINT  
THE STORY...  
BUT AS A  
PATRIOTIC  
CITIZEN,  
I CAN'T!





I CAN'T PROMISE MUCH... BUT I'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE!

THANKS, REID... I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU!

BETTER GET SOME GAS... THE TANK IS GETTING LOW!



WELL I'LL BE? LOOKS LIKE THE GASOLINE TRUCK IS BEING FILLED... INSTEAD OF EMPTYING THE GAS! THAT'S ODD!

...HIS CURIOSITY GETTING THE BETTER OF HIS JUDGMENT, REID CAN'T RESIST THE IMPULSE TO INVESTIGATE

LONG AS I HAVE TO WAIT TO GET SERVICE!... I'LL TAKE A LOOK!

WAITING FOR SERVICE, HE OBSERVES SOMETHING PECULIAR...



SMELLS LIKE MIROGENE!!



THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

CAUGHT HIM MESSING AROUND THE GAS TRUCK, BOSS! WANTED TO STOP HIM BUT HE DROPPED ME!

I'M SORRY, SIR! HE FLIES OFF THE HANDLE TOO EASY! PLEASE OVERLOOK IT!

... AND SUDDENLY HIS KEEN HEARING DRAWS HIS ATTENTION TO THE APPROACH OF FOOTSTEPS

HE TRIED TO USE A BLACK-JACK ON ME! THEY'RE TRYING TO MAKE SURE SOMETHING ISN'T UNCOVERED...! BUT WHAT?

OKAY! JUST GIVE ME SOME GAS!





I THINK  
HE SUSPECTS  
SOMETHING.  
REMMER!

FOOL! I KNOW IT!  
BUT YOUR WAY WOULD  
HAVE MADE TROUBLE  
...WE CAN'T TAKE ANY  
CHANCES! GET A  
CAR...WE'LL  
TAIL HIM!

THERE HE GOES!  
STEP ON IT! WE'LL  
FOLLOW AND MAYBE  
AN ACCIDENT CAN HAPPEN  
...JUST TO MAKE SURE  
HE DON'T REMEMBER  
TOO MUCH!

THERE WAS SOME-  
THING PHONEY AT THAT  
GAS STATION! THAT  
CAR IN THE MIRROR?  
SAY! ...LOOKS LIKE I'M  
BEING FOLLOWED!



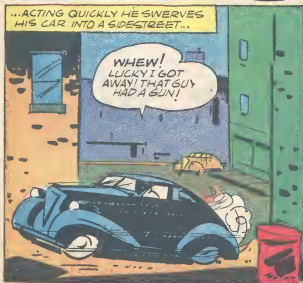
...FASTER AND FASTER THE  
APPROACHING CAR SPEEDS  
UP ALONGSIDE OF REID...!



I'M  
RIGHT!



I BETTER  
SHAKE THEM  
...AND AVOID  
UNNECESSARY  
TROUBLE!



...ACTING QUICKLY HE SWERVES  
HIS CAR INTO A SIDESTREET...

WHEW!  
LUCKY I GOT  
AWAY! THAT GUY  
HAD A GUN!



WONDER WHY  
THEY TRIED TO GET ME?  
THEY WERE THOSE GAS-  
STATION MEN! ...THOUGHT  
SOMETHING WAS FUNNY  
THERE... THAT PLANT AND  
GAS STATION NEED  
SOME PRIVATE  
INVESTIGATION!

THAT NIGHT

TO JOHN-  
SON'S PLANT,  
MR. BRITT?

YES, KATO!  
THE GREEN  
HORNET HAS  
WORK TO  
DO!

STICK  
CLOSE, KATO.  
I'M GOING  
TO LOOK AT  
THOSE  
MIROGENE  
TANKS AGAIN!

MEANWHILE ON THE IN-  
SIDE....

LOOK!

EASY  
WITH THOSE  
GUNS!!

OUCH!

I'LL GET RID  
OF HIM!

WHO'S THAT  
GUY? LET'S  
GET 'IM  
QUICK!

YOU FELLOWS  
ARE UP TO SOME-  
THINGS...BUT WHAT?  
...IF IT'S FIGHT,  
YOU WANT...!

WHY IT'S  
...TH...THE...  
GREEN  
HORNET!

IN PERSON!

CRACK!

GAS!

AAAA  
AASH!

PLEASANT  
DREAMS!

REALIZING HE MUST ACT  
QUICKLY...BEING OUTNUMBERED  
...HE GRASPS HIS GAS-GUN  
AND DISCHARGES A BLAST...





WHY THOSE MEN ARE THE SAME ONES I HAD THE ARGUMENT WITH AT THE GAS STATION!



ALL THESE TOOLS BY THIS MIROGENE TANK? ...NOW WE'LL FIND OUT HOW THE STUFF IS DISAPPEARING!



SUDDENLY, HE STUMBLES OVER A PIPE LINE JUTTING FROM AN OPENING IN THE WALL...AND...

I'VE GOT IT! THE WATCHMAN MUST WORK WITH THOSE GAS STATION ATTENDANTS ...HE LETS THEM IN AT NIGHT ...THEY ATTACH THIS PIPELINE TO THE MIROGENE TANKS AND PUMP IT TO THEIR GAS STATION, NEXT DOOR!



I'LL JUST BORROW HIS OVERALLS AND RUN OVER TO THAT GAS STATION!

YOU SURE DID A SMART THING, REMMER, BUYING THIS GAS STATION AND FIGURING THIS THING OUT!

HA! HA! IN NO TIME WE'LL BE THE RICHEST GAS STATION! THAT FOREIGN POWER WILL PAY ANYTHING TO GET MIROGENE, EVERY TIME WE SELL, WE JACK UP THE PRICE!

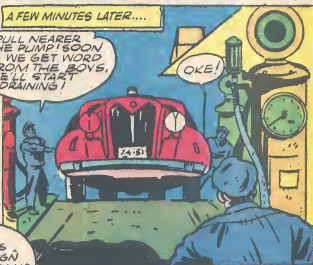
YED!

HERE COMES ONE OF THE BOYS!

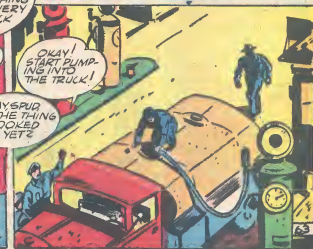
SAYSPUD IS THE THING HOOKED UP YET?

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

PULL NEARER THE PUMP! SOON AS WE GET WORD FROM THE BOYS, WE'LL START DRAINING!



OKE!



OKAY! START PUMPING INTO THE TRUCK!



SAY!  
WHY AIN'T  
YOU  
PUMPING?

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG. HE'S  
COMING OFF  
THE TRUCK!



WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER?

THIS  
AIN'T  
THE  
STUFF!



WELL I'LL  
BE...IT'S...

...JUST  
WATER!



THE  
GREEN  
HORNET!

RIGHT!...AND YOUR  
OTHER RATS ARE ASLEEP  
AT THE FACTORY, REMEMBER!  
I CONNECTED YOUR PIPE  
LINE TO THE WATER  
FAUCET!



YOU'RE A  
WISE GUY!  
AIN'T YOU?  
THIS IS ONE  
TIME YOU...

DON'T BE  
TOO SURE!



...I'LL HAVE TO  
PUT YOU FELLOWS  
TO SLEEP UNTIL  
THE AUTHORITIES  
ARRIVE...



...AND HERE  
COMES FAITHFUL  
KATO...JUST IN  
TIME FOR MY  
GETAWAY!

AAAASH!

...LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

**Postal Telegraph**

Not on the Company's rules, regulations and rates but please do so as

FOLLOW DEPARTMENTS:  
GO TO JOHNSON CHEMICAL WORKS  
PICK UP MEN WHO ARE OBVIOUSLY  
FROM EFFECTS OF GAS-IOUS STUFF  
THEY ARE AGENTS OF A FOREIGN  
POWER.

THE GREEN HORNET

THE END

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KBST—Big Springs, Tex.  
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